

OUR DUMB

APRIL 1949

Animals



WHAT'S THIS — AN EASTER BUNNY?

—Georgia Engelhard

The MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW
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☆

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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Animals

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Refuge for Wild Horses

OUT in Wyoming, in the high plateaus and canyons of the Haystack Mountain, wild horses roam through the magnificent scenery of the Red Desert. The ancestors of these beautiful, wild horses were brought to this continent by the Spaniards, and their descendants stay within their own chosen domain, braving the elements, pitting their strength against other wild life, which use Wyoming as a home.

For many years, life was fairly pleasant for the wild horses, but a few years ago professional horse-hunters entered the district and began to round up the animals. Did they catch them like the cowboys of old? Oh! no. These hunters use airplanes equipped with screaming sirens, which send their prey into wild frustration.

Verne Wood, Wyoming's "Photographic Philosopher," who has been fighting all alone to save these horses from extinction, has recorded the stream-lined roundup. "I've seen frothing, heaving colts and mares chased so long and so relentlessly that their swollen joints couldn't support them, and they dropped in their tracks to become food for vultures and other scavengers," Wood says.

Nature Magazine for January, 1949, tells more about what happens to the unfortunate horses that survive the airplane chase. "At the end of the chase, when the horses have been driven into a corral, wranglers resort to what is known as "nose hobbling." The horses' nostrils are slit with a pocket knife, and baling wire is run through the slits and twisted to close, partly, the nostrils so the horses cannot breathe sufficiently to run away. "At times," Wood says, "the nostrils fester and slough away so badly that the baling wire drops out even before the horses are ready for shipment to a butchery."

What a horrible, cruel end for these beautiful and proud animals! We discussed the matter with Congressman Joseph W. Martin, Jr., Minority Leader, in Washington recently, and he commented:

"It seems to me that the government should find ways and means for developing a refuge for wild horses in Wyoming, where they could be properly protected in much the same way as the buffalo problem was handled. These beautiful wild horses are, in many cases, descendants of the horses brought to this country by the Spaniards, and no one should be permitted to treat them cruelly and needlessly kill them."

United States Senator Leverett Saltonstall, former Governor of Massachusetts, said:

"I am in sympathy with any reasonable plan to see that our wild horses do not disappear like the buffalo."

Verne Wood has promised to send some photographs of the wild horses he loves so much. When they arrive they will appear in *Our Dumb Animals*.

We urge our members and friends to write to their Congressmen and Senators and ask that a wild horse refuge be established in Wyoming by the Federal government. If we all cooperate, perhaps we can save these animals—if not, the men with the screaming siren airplanes and nose-hobbling tactics will get them. The wild horses deserve a better fate than that.

E. H. H.



E. V. McLean, Boston Post Photo

"Oscar," a daily classroom visitor, is shown perched on the desk of Robert Steeves in the fourth grade room.

Beloved Rascal

A GENTLEMAN and a scholar, and yet with all that, an expert pilferer, "Oscar," a jet black raven, is held guilty of the theft of dozens of pencils, erasers and shiny coins from pupils attending the Islington, Massachusetts, grammar school. Furthermore, His Black Majesty loves to syphon milk from a score of bottles placed by an unwary milkman on the steps of Islington homes. Oscar's address is unknown to the police department, which is one reason he has escaped prosecution.

Police Chief Roderick Morrison, who has seen the black-hued sneak thief on numerous occasions has been powerless to act because of the lack of official complaints from residents who have taken a liking to the bird. The school children are especially entranced by his antics and have adopted him as their very special pet and keep him well fed and entertained.

According to reports, the feathered stranger made his appearance in the town about two months ago and ever since has been making friends and making his presence known in innumerable ways. Just where he makes his home is his secret and although many of the 200 pupils attending the Islington school

have followed his flights about the neighborhood, none has been able to locate his hideout.

A daily visitor at the school, Oscar has a habit of flying in an open window, alighting on a desk or a chair and then selecting some article of loot to carry away in his big bill. The principal of the school, Paul F. Whitten, stated that the raven was exhibit No. 1 at a recent nature study class and sat on the teacher's desk all during the lecture. Oscar, by the way, is allergic to men and prefers the company of the women teachers and the children.

The janitor of the school, Ray Jefferson, has taken a special liking to the raven and sees to it that the bird is not locked in the building at night. "He goes everywhere," Jefferson said. "Every morning he is down in the center of the town, heckling passengers waiting for buses, and making a nuisance of himself. He pecks at the piles of newspapers on the sidewalk and often perches on the top of a parked bus. One day while the snow was still on the ground, he was observed riding down hill on a sled with one of the children.

Here and There

HISTORY'S moments are relatively short, and the tides of human events change like the tides of the sea. Our problem is how to live through this immediate moment, how to balance our strength with patience, how to equate our power with restraint and self-control. . . . Somewhere as we grope our way forward we must rediscover the lesson of history: that diversity and peace can be made compatible. We must once more take up the broken march toward a world in which many political faiths and economic creeds are tolerated, and widely differing points of view not only live together without bloodshed, but fertilize each other for the common good.

—Raymond B. Fosdick

DO not let the care of dogs be least among your tasks, but feed the swift puppies of Sparta and the spirited Molossian Hounds (molossus) with rich whey. With these as guards in your stables you will never dread the nocturnal thief and the raids of wolves or the Spaniards attacking from behind.

—Virgil

I DESIRE no added blessing for the coming year but this—that I may do some good and lasting work and make both my outward and inward habits less imperfect—that is, more directly tending to the best uses of life.

—George Eliot

WITH the concepts of self-government and individual freedom now threatened more seriously than ever before in the history of Western civilization, it becomes the first duty of all thoughtful people to improve our educational system everywhere and to extend to all of our citizens equal opportunity for self-development.

—Mrs. Eugene Meyer

IN a society safe and worthy to be free, teaching which produces a willingness to lead, as well as a willingness to follow, must be given to all.

—William F. Russell

I DESIRE to so conduct the affairs of this administration that at the end, when I come to lay down the reins of power, if I have lost every other friend on earth, I shall at least have one friend left, and that friend shall be down inside of me.

—Abraham Lincoln

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Precocious Pets

By AMY HAYDEN

A WELL-KNOWN speech authority has been quoted as having stated that dogs could be taught to talk, and to bear out this belief newspapers not long ago reported that a Michigan dog named "Lassie" had been taught by her mistress, while the dog was recuperating from an accident, to say a few phrases, like "I want out," "I want water," and so forth. Both the speech authority and Lassie's mistress agree, however, that a dog's remarks may need a little interpreting, and that his vocabulary could never become large. In this latter respect, perhaps the human race has discovered the perfect after-dinner speaker. At any rate, a speaker who, when he states that he is "just going to say a few words," will literally mean it.

Not to detract one iota from Lassie's remarkable accomplishment, it is admitted that such a feat, in common with a great many less astonishing but more universal doggy tricks, does take a lot of teaching, and the animals that I find particularly fascinating are those precocious pets who, without the specific training—and sometimes to the chagrin of their owners—exhibit on certain occasions and in some respects an intelligence, or forwardness, much above their accepted stations in life.

While Lassie has been taught to talk, I know of one dog who can spell and this certainly not through education by his master, but most definitely in spite of a deliberate effort to keep him in a state of blissful ignorance. "Topper" is a house dog and is accompanied by one of his owners on his outside runs to make sure he will not become lost. Naturally he enjoys these runs very much and is always extremely anxious to get started on one. From the beginning, like most pets, Topper understood the spoken words "out," "walk," and "go," and upon hearing any one of them would dash madly about the house gathering up his leash and harness, excitedly barking and jumping on his master until the word was actually translated into action. If someone was all ready to take him out these antics were bearable, but if, as was so often the case, there was only a casual preparatory mention of them the intended few minutes grace to finish a second cup of coffee, eat some supper, or perhaps change to tramping clothes, was certainly not the period of peace it should be. To counteract this, his owners took to spelling out the fateful words, but now, much to their dismay, even a whispered "w-a-l-k" or "o-u-t" brings Topper to his feet in a flash of anxiety to "g-o."

At last reports, they have been attempting thought transference but are very much afraid that Topper will master this even before they do.

For an opposite instance of an animal's precocity working out very much to the advantage of its master as well as itself, there is the saga of "Maggie," a trim little Army mare, who not only ate apples, in common with the rest of her species, but "polished" them as well. Maggie was assigned to a young second lieutenant of the United States Cavalry back in the days when a cavalryman and his horse were but little less than centaur. Lt. Collins was the original "crazy over horses" man, and in a short while he became even crazier over his neat little mount, spending extra hours grooming, feeding, and training her, so that she became exceedingly proficient in all the tricks of her Army trade. Although a feeling of regard and understanding was mutual, Maggie, like most of her gender, evidently felt that she must retain enough of her individuality to prove that she would not submit to complete mastery by any mere man. In the spirit of good clean fun, with no offense intended or taken, she maintained her position of "a free soul" through little nips on the closest part of the lieutenant's anatomy every time he leaned over to fasten the girth on her saddle, and by, even more annoying, crow-hopping and bucking slightly everytime she was first mounted. In due time, Lt. Collins and others of his troop resigned themselves merely to being prepared for these declarations of independence.

One morning the commanding officer of the post and his young daughter, who, as befits the child of a cavalryman, was already an experienced horsewoman, while making a tour of the various stables, came upon Maggie hitched to a post in the riding ring, awaiting Lt. Collins who had been called back to his quarters for some reason just as he was about to mount for his morning canter. The little girl admired the horse's shiny coat, handsome tail, and trim lines, and Lt. Collins returned just in time to see her placing her foot in Maggie's stirrup, with the Colonel looking on in approval and pride. He could only cover his horrified face with his hands to blot out the terrible sight of the "daughter of the regiment," unprepared for Maggie's "shenanigans," flat in the sawdust of the ring. In the instant his mind's eye pictured the Colonel in dreadful wrath banishing Maggie and himself to opposite hinterlands. Peeping through his



Boston Sunday Post Snapshot Contest

A precocious pussycat.

fingers, the young lieutenant was astonished to behold Maggie cock her head around at the little girl in the saddle, look over at the Colonel, and then without a trace of her usual rambunctiousness step off smoothly, immediately following the child's feather touch on the reins with a smartness and alacrity that, as Lt. (now Major) Collins tells it, "would have put to shame the most accomplished 'apple polisher' in the outfit,"—explaining the term as the Army designation for those within its ranks who make great pretensions of worth and obeisance before their superior officers in the hope of receiving favors and promotions. Happily, in most cases, their pretense is detected, to their disadvantage, but this time both mare and master received the Colonel's commendations—and later on, the mare received a further reward in the form of several eating apples—well polished on her master's sleeve.

And to conclude with another of our household pets, precocious pussycats are practically innumerable. In fact, as anyone who has owned them will attest, cats evidence extra-intelligence so often and so matter-of-factly that it is quite plain they feel that this trait should be taken as the usual state of affairs—and certainly as nothing to write a story about!

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

MAY 1-7

"Trixie" and "Sheila"

By BERTHA WILCOX SMITH

TRIXIE" was an Irish setter mother and "Sheila" was one of her many daughters, the litters of setters being large, to the number of fourteen or more. Trixie was a very loving mother dog. She brooded over her puppies and gave them the best of care, which means, among other things, that she licked them most industriously with her warm, moist tongue. This constant licking is one of the essentials of puppy care.

When one of Trixie's puppies, whose name was Sheila, had attained maturity, she was so like her mother in kindness and gentleness that she was chosen by the breeder to be retained in the kennel. The day came when Sheila, herself, bore a litter. After the puppies had grown and Sheila was temporarily without family cares, Trixie encountered serious difficulty in giving birth to a litter of fourteen. A few hours later when the breeder, Mrs. MacClean, was in the Welcome Box, ministering to the newcomers, Trixie, exhausted by her suffering, was lying on her side, apparently sleeping. Suddenly she opened her eyes, lifted her head, looked at Mrs. MacClean with an expression that could be described only as a radiant smile, dropped her head and was gone to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Grieved by the loss of so sweet and fine a friend, Mrs. MacClean determined to save the puppies. They were fed every two hours by bottle. But they did not thrive satisfactorily. They missed the mother's warmth and the constant licking which stimulated circulation. One day when the breeder was working over the little orphans, she noticed Sheila standing near the Welcome Box.

"I wonder!" she thought, "Would Sheila help them?"

"Come in, Sheila," she cried. "Come in and help the puppies!" Sheila did not move, thinking, no doubt, that Trixie was in the Box and would brook no interference with her family. Again Mrs. MacClean cried, "Come in, Sheila! Come in, girl!" After five minutes of coaxing, the dog moved closer and looked into the Box. Trixie was not there! Her sensitive daughter seemed to sense a need to which she could minister. A few more moments of hesitation, and she climbed in! Mrs. MacClean departed, leaving the puppies to fate, in the warm, red form of Sheila. When she returned, some time later, the kindly dog was crouched on the floor, mothering the snuggling puppies. Solicitousness seemed to flow from her! From that day the puppies thrived. However, about a week later their interest in the bottle feedings declined; and they seemed quite indifferent in contrast to their former ravenous attitude. Yet they gained weight steadily. Incredulous, because of the known rarity of such a phenomenon, Mrs. MacClean asked herself, "Could it be?" It could! It was! Sheila was nursing the young dogs! Her maternal concern for their welfare, her kindness and affection had worked this miracle of motherhood.

Note: The author can vouch for the truth of this story.

Good Friday's Donkey

By HOWARD A. DETTMERS

There is no beauty in my ugly frame,
A curse bestows my only given name,
The frowning shepherds strike my lowly flank
And wisemen mutter, "You obstruct our rank."
And so of all the world and those
Who could pay homage to me if they chose
Not one has told of an Egyptian road
Or that I needed neither urge nor goad.
Nor of the day when by Jerusalem's gate
I saw a people's love and priesthood's hate.
Yet once for me alone arose the Master's voice—
I felt His love touch twice as Heaven's own choice.

"Nig's" Memorial

By ART CROCKETT

CONSTRUCTION workers on mighty Boulder Dam looked at their watches and then put down their tools. Somewhere a whistle blew. Solemnly the men gathered on the crest of the dam and awaited the arrival of the minister. He came, presently, and then began the annual memorial service in honor of one of the best loved characters connected with the huge project—a little black dog, named "Nig."

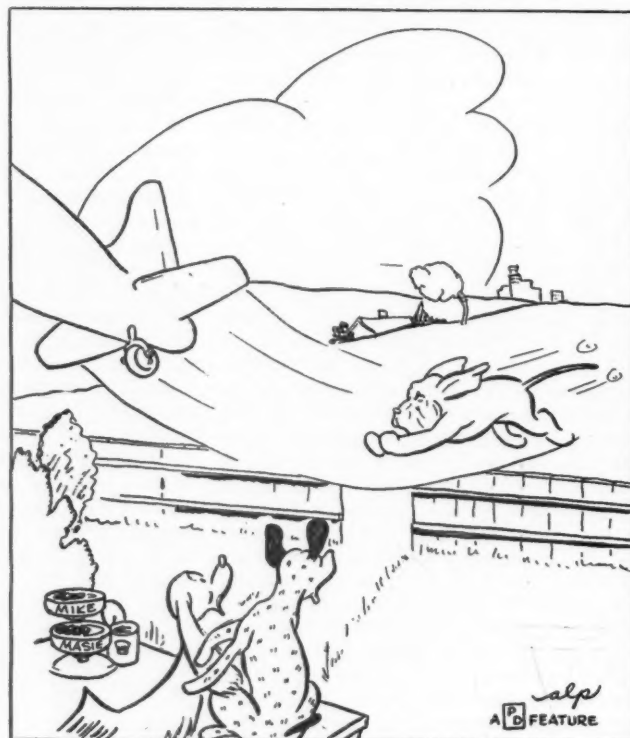
During those turbulent days of construction Nig came from nowhere and stayed until the wheels of a truck ended his life. With the easy nonchalance of a veteran construction worker he rode the skips and elevators, went down into the tunnels and rode the dinkies. If he were in a hurry he'd ride the slide to the bottom.

Nig was every man's friend and, like the other workers, he enjoyed his Saturday night off. He usually hitch-hiked to Las Vegas and sat around and ate with the men. As a matter of fact, Nig almost always ate with his worker pals, whose wives saved out many a dainty tidbit from the family dinner, just for the dam's mascot. This food, Nig would carry back to the dam and when the whistle blew he would join his friends for lunch.

One day, he found himself in the path of a newly appointed dog catcher. Not realizing the importance of Nig, the man locked him up. When the workers found out about it there was a near riot. They bailed Nig out and then held a meeting. A vote for a perpetual fund was unanimous. From then on Nig had his own bank account which provided him with money for collars, license fees and an occasional hamburger.

To the construction workers on Boulder Dam, Nig was more than just a friendly dog. He was something utterly different from the hardness of concrete and steel. He crept into the men's hearts and stayed there.

MIKE & MASIE by Andrew L. Peterson and Tom Farley



"These bloodhounds really follow a trail!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

AFTER Uncle Oliver's trek into the High Sierras where seemingly he discovered the fountain of youth, we decided to follow his example at the first opportunity.

April, he said, was the ideal time to make the trip, for then, winter would be over, with just enough snow on the north slopes to offer a change from our premature summer.

Along the Victorville-Barstow highway, we saw many signs offering guides and pack animals for hire, and selected one by the eenie-meenie-minie-mo process.

Our guide, a full-blooded Indian, took one look at our elaborate outfit and said that except for the sleeping bags, clothing and provisions, we must leave everything else in the lower camp, since he furnished a fully equipped cabin for his guests.

The next morning at six, we mounted ponies, and with the Indian and the pack animals leading the way, began the long, steep climb.

We arrived at our destination about five o'clock in the evening. There were several cabins in a pleasant clearing, built of logs and nicely furnished, with huge fireplaces for heat and cooking. The guide helped us get settled, then climbed into the saddle for his return to the lower camp.

"How about wild animals?" I asked, remembering our only weapons were two new and very dull knives.

"Bears come into camp occasionally to stir in the garbage," he said with a yawn, "but they won't hurt you if you don't tease them."

"Tease them!" I snorted. "I wouldn't consider teasing a tame bear, much less a wild one."

* * *

Two days went by, during which time we saw nothing more alarming than a deer and a few squirrels. On the third day, while my husband was sleeping, I decided to hike to the snow line, a short distance straight up from our cabin.

The dogs went with me darting in and out of the heavy brush, running back every little while to see if I were following.

Mr. Blue was fascinated by the first snow he'd ever seen. He buried his head in it and scooted along, with only his back and hindquarters showing. "Buddy" seemed to think this display of animal spirits below his dignity and trotted away on business of his own. A few minutes later he was back hugging my knees, whining and shaking as though he were chilled to the bone.

As I stooped to brush the snow from his heavy coat, I noticed that he was looking in the direction from which he had come and that his eyes were dilated with fear. I followed his gaze to exchange stare for stare with a bear, not more than a hundred feet away.

Mr. Blue saw the bear, too, and evidently thinking this was a new playfellow, dashed over to make the bear's acquaintance. I heard myself screaming for him to come back, but for all the attention he paid, I might as well have saved my breath. It didn't occur to me then that I was in danger. All I could think of was that Mr. Blue was running into the jaws of death and that there was nothing I could do about it.

About fifteen feet from the bear he fell on his stomach, a sign he wanted to be chased. The bear evidently didn't understand the game, so Mr. Blue began cutting wide circles to show what was expected. By this time, the bear, if he had possessed any amiability, was fast loosing it. He made ugly noises in his throat and raised one paw as Mr. Blue circled him.

Coming to investigate my screams, my husband saw at a glance what was up, and with unprecedented aim, planted a small pebble on Mr. Blue's unsuspecting head.

The next minute, the four of us were running down the mountain side. I've never been in an airplane, but I knew then what flying is like. If my feet touched ground, I wasn't aware of it.

April 1949

"Mr. Blue" and the Bear

by Ina Loney Morris



On the way to the mountains we stopped to let Mr. Blue see where hamburger comes from.

The dogs beat us to the cabin in a photofinish. If the bear followed us, he stopped before he came to the clearing, for we never saw him again.

Inside the cabin, behind the bolted doors, Buddy and I vied with each other to see who could shake the hardest, but Mr. Blue, stretched out before the fireplace drying his feet, acted as though hobnobbing with bears was a common occurrence.

Spring

I know that spring is here,
The toad is out;
And peepers, loud and clear
Begin to shout.
A snake goes sliding through
The leaflets hedge.
And squirrels scamper to
The river's edge.
I know that spring has come,
The wild duck soars;
The bees begin to hum
Of honey stores.
A porcupine has set
His prickly ball,
And ravens plume their jet
In tree tops tall.
Spring comes, I can be sure
For furrows steam,
And spiders spin their lure,
And marsh-fires gleam;
Worms come to surface loam,
While mullets spawn,
The goshawk hastens home,
Winter has gone.

—Lalia Mitchell Thornton



Prodigal Mother

By H. E. ZIMMERMAN

A BEAUTIFUL cat was given to the Italian captain of an oil-tank steamer that plied between Savona and Point Breeze, and Philadelphia. In the course of time she presented the ship with a family of kittens, which were less than a month old when the Philadelphia docks were reached.

When the *Bayonne* was loaded and ready to depart the mother cat was missing. There was much vain searching, and Captain Hugo had to sail without his mascot.

Two days later the prodigal came back. Another and larger boat filled *Bayonne's* place. Dismayed, she visited every steamer in the docks; then, both homeless and kittenless, she took up her quarters in the watchbox, and patiently awaited Captain Hugo's return.

At last *Bayonne* was sighted, and there was no need this time to hunt for the cat. There she stood quivering with agitation on the edge of the wharf, as the small craft made its way to the dock. The captain's large black dog, pussy's old companion, barked a furious welcome from the deck. The sound increased pussy's excitement, and when the steamer was still several feet from the dock, she cleared the intervening space with a flying leap, and amid the cheers of the crew, she ran straight to the captain's cabin, where she had left the kittens two months before. By this time the kittens had become well-grown young cats, and were disposed to resent her intrusion; but the mother's joy was as great as if she had been separated from them only a single night.

Nosey Notations

By JEWELL CASEY

GENERALLY speaking animals depend more upon the sense of smell than upon the sense of sight or communication, therefore, it is interesting to note some of the different types of noses.

Starting with our largest mammal—the whale—which has nostrils, commonly called blowholes, placed on the top of the head. The nostrils can be closed when the animal submerges, thus keeping water from entering the lungs. When the whale surfaces it blows out the air which is moist and looks like a spout of water, thus giving cause for the untrue belief that whales spout water out of their noses!

With nose and lips protruding like the neck of a milk bottle, the bottle-nosed whale is appropriately named. A shark's nostrils are situated below, instead of above its mouth. Known as the deep sea angler, the female carries a light on the end of her nose in order that she may find her mate. The oddity known as the starfish has several feet which look alike and can be used as feet, but certain ones are so designed that they may also be used as smelling organs. The seaspider has a most unique nose—on its very tip are four eyes. A certain species of water bugs use their sharp-pointed noses as weapons.

Because the elephant—only animal in the world that uses his nose as a hand and arm, this nose, usually known as "trunk," is most outstanding. It has enormously powerful muscles and is very sensitive. When danger threatens the elephant invariably curls the trunk up out of harm's way. With an unusually keen sense of smell, this huge beast can smell an enemy a mile or two away. A full-grown elephant has a nose five to seven feet long, which also takes the

place of an upper lip.

The camel has the ability to close his nostrils in time of need, and is able to exist during the most severe sandstorms.

Due to the fact his nostrils are placed on top of his nose, a hippopotamus may lie with its entire body hidden under water and breathe air at the same time. This "river pig" is able to open and close his elevated nostrils like eyelids.

While the baboon of West Africa has a most noticeable nose—large and bright scarlet—a native of Dutch Central Borneo lays claim to having the longest nose of any in the simian world. He is the Proboscis monkey, one of the most grotesque creatures known. He has a nose that is not only extremely long, but also spreads out as broad as his face. Noses of the older males even hang down over the mouth. These monkeys seem to take pride in calling attention to their huge rubbery-like nasal appendages, and wiggle them from side to side, or draw them back into their faces.

Because he has a plate of bone within his nose pad, the common hog can root into dirt with the greatest ease.

Many oddities distinguish the star mole, but perhaps one of the oddest features of this burrowing creature is its nose. With a rough point looking somewhat like a drill and used as such, the nose extends half of an inch beyond its mouth. The rose-colored cartilage radiating from its nostrils like the points of a star, gives this little creature the name of "star" mole.

The scent language among the insects is their outstanding method of communication. It is in the antennae that the sense of smell in many insects is located. The nose, or antennae, of the katydid is six times as long as the insect's body.

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

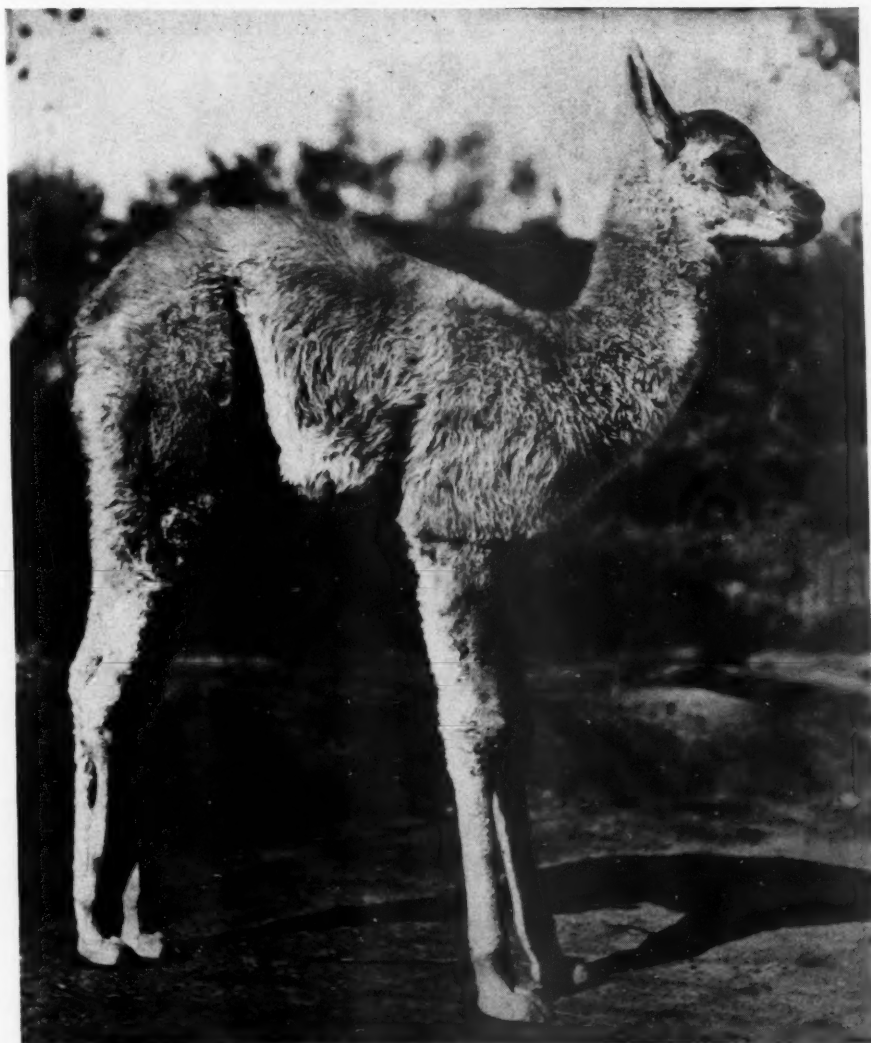
The Mohr's Bezoar

The mohr should hang his shingle up,
Just like a good M.D.
For he has medicine, they say,
For antidotes, you see.

The mohr may be expensive, for
He is a little deer;
If you know how to use him, he
May help you, if he's near!



Who's Who in Animal Land



A baby llama, three months old.

THAT camel of the Andes, the llama, ranging upward from an altitude of 7,500 feet into the high, thin air of the barren mountain tops, is today the mainstay of the mountaineering Indians of Peru, just as it was in the days of the Incas. In fact, without the llama, it is doubtful if the Incas could have survived at such heights, because they were dependent upon its shaggy wool for protection against the cold.

In those historic days, llamas were animals of royalty, managed by relatives of the ruling family, and regulations governing pasturing, shearing, spinning and weaving were strictly enforced by periodic inspections. The animals were so highly esteemed that after death

they were often mummified and placed in tombs. One such discovery now rests in a museum still swathed in its wrappings.

This understandable respect is still accorded the llama by the present-day Peruvians, who have acknowledged their indebtedness by incorporating its likeness in the national coat of arms, as well as portraying it on many stamps and coins. In Lima, a bronze statue of a llama commands a prominent site.

These animals, the only beasts of burden domesticated by the natives, stand nearly five feet at the shoulders. As a rule, the long shaggy coat is creamy white, splotched with brown or black. Once in a while, however, a llama will be totally black.

Mountain Camel

By KATHERINE FIELDS

After the invasion of the Spaniards, caravans consisting sometimes of 300,000 animals transported ore from the fabulous Potosi mines. Today, pack trains of several hundred llamas may be seen winding along the mountain trails with their Indian masters knitting away as they leisurely follow.

Like the camels of the desert, llamas are able to go for several days without water or food. Ordinarily, a llama subsists on such vegetation as is found along the route, but if the ground has been covered with snow, it can draw upon the food reserve stored in its complex stomach.

Llamas are particularly suited to mountain travel, because of the springy cushions on their non-skid hoofs, which are slightly cleft and pointed, with an under curve that gives them a good clamp on the soil. Their front knees are equipped with thick, shock-proof pads, enabling them to kneel suddenly and comfortably without jarring their bodies.

They are silent companions on the trail, ears pointed skyward, heads up, plodding along as much as fifteen and twenty miles a day. If disturbed, however, they can become very noisy. And nothing disturbs a llama quite so much as an excessive load. Anything more than a hundred pounds promptly causes a sitdown strike, and attempts to prod the animal into action result in a resounding racket, and as like as not a stream of objectionable smelling saliva, a particularly effective weapon of the camel family.

But, despite these idiosyncrasies, the Indians love their llama friends. Tiny tots have llama lambs for pets, and older children tend to the flocks, herding them into the pastures in the morning and corralling them for the night. And no master ever whips an animal. Instead he cajoles his pack train along with soft whistles and gentle talk, and, as a rule, the procession proceeds peacefully enough with gay red streamers dangling from the animal's ears and little bells tinkling musically around their necks.

ANIMALS IN

Public Generosity
 eral thousand residents of Mar-
 Vineyard and Nantucket have
 ed by now the first appeal to
 de for the humane
 on by the Martha's Vineyard
 of the Massachusetts
 which has taken
 the Animal
 In addition to providing an
 trained veterinarian for the
 months, who will become
 ound asset of the Vineyard
 response is sufficient, the
 as also erected

second prize of \$15 to Louis A.
 Puggard, Detroit, Mich., showing
 a cat with its paw in a dog's
 mouth, called "Say Ah!" and
 third prize

Small Fry"
 statistics for the months of June
 through August show that
 exactly 300 animals were
 handled, including an injured
 bird. Of the 116 dogs, 43
 placed in homes and five
 were sheltered until placed
 their owners. The com-
 reeving

to a family. The
 of the Massachusetts Society for
 the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-
 mals, Boston, yesterday issued a
 warning
 parents of animal-own-
 the far more than
 ren
 too well," stated
 of the Society head, "how attached
 these animals are to their little
 masters and mistresses and it is
 but natural for a dog, and in some
 cases

to present them
 Albert A. F.
 Education. An
 pital. M.S.P.C.
 motion picture.

the
 Farmer who
 Mrs. Frederick A.
 Dwight Bisbee,
 bee, Mrs. Albert
 George E. Breeze
 Bright



Photo by Albany Times-Union from International

HIGHER EDUCATION

In Schenectady, N. Y., Alonzo Burnham, Jr., and his dog, "Roger," are both attending the sixth grade at school. Roger attends all classes with his young master. School officials tried vainly to keep Roger out of the building, but he always found a way in. So now, with full school approval, he comes to class with Alonzo, and pays strict attention to the no barking rule.

"SMOKEY" FINDS RICHES

New York Police Property Clerk Frank Leuci (left) hands over the \$2,200 found in a garage some time ago to the children of Dr. and Mrs. Chester Myron. The children (left to right) Benjamin, Patricia, holding the family cat, "Smokey," Diane and Richard (rear) were playing with Smokey when the cat dislodged some old heating equipment overhead, and the money came floating down. Since no legitimate claimants have claimed the money, it was turned back to the children . . . and, of course, to Smokey.



Photo by N. Y. Daily Mirror

THE NEWS



Photo by Chicago Herald-American from International

HIDE AND SEEK

Out in Libertyville, Illinois, a cocker spaniel and his playmate, "Buttons," the cat, are an unending source of amusement to their owners and friends. The two pals particularly delight in such games as tag which invariably end up by one hiding and the other trying to find him. Here Buttons has hidden in a pail, but that canny spaniel has discovered her hiding place without her knowing it.

HAPPINESS IN SIGHT
Gazing out happily through her glasses, "Ethel" is back on the job of guiding her blind master, Ralph Cross, of Los Angeles. Perhaps she understands, better even than most guide dogs do, what her help means to her master. Ethel was blind for a while until Dr. George Blasdel, eye specialist, gave her back her sight by removing cataracts that had dimmed her vision. Now, however, Ethel must wear goggles to assure proper sight at all times.



Photo by Los Angeles Examiner from International



"Blackie" Finds a Way

A TREK of twelve miles, more or less, means nothing in the life of this five-year-old Belgian Shepherd dog, who recently traveled that distance to rejoin his master, Russell Sabbey, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

It all happened several weeks ago when the young man's mother passed away and Blackie was placed with relatives in Natick until the funeral services were over. However, the wise canine couldn't stand the separation, and a fortnight later, hobbled into his home in Cambridge, footsore and weary.

Sabbey immediately rushed his pet to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital to be sure that Blackie had suffered no ill effects from the long hike. Except for some loss of weight, he was pronounced physically sound by Hospital veterinarians. With the aid of a map, Mr. Sabbey is shown describing the extent of the dog's wanderings, in which Nurse Sprunt and, of course, Blackie himself, display considerable interest.



Crime Doesn't Pay

IF it hadn't snowed "Khan" would have had a free meal. This Quincy dog visited a neighborhood porch and made off with a bag containing five pounds of pot roast, a pound of bacon, a pound of bologna and some lettuce.

The owner had left the bag on his porch to deliver another bundle and on his return he found the bag gone. However, he noticed Khan's tracks and followed them to the dog's home where he found the bag and lettuce, but no meat. It cost the dog's owner \$4 and it cost Khan a severe lecture on the value of honesty.

Penthouse for One

By KEN R. SCHULTZ

SEVERAL years ago, James Phillips, of Greensboro, N. C., was painting the roof of his garage. He had a ladder propped against the side of the structure and as he turned to lower himself, he was astonished to see a dog climbing the ladder, step by step, with sure footing—and then clamber along the roof to his side, tail wagging and tongue eager to lick his face.

Jim descended from his perch then and there and the dog followed. The animal was a stranger to Jim and no amount of coaxing served to make him leave. He had apparently adopted the Phillips family. So they fed and kept him. Soon, wherever a ladder was, the dog was and Jim decided to do something about it. He built a platform atop an 18 foot pole, then a ramp from the pole platform to the roof of the garage and then a ladder to the roof. Well, the dog, a mixture of chow and something else liked his perch and

soon Jim built a house for "Big Boy," as they called him, on top of the perch. He even put in windows so his dog would get lots of light and sunshine. Big Boy spent a good 20 hours a day in his house, seemingly proud of having the highest dog house he'd ever seen.

Now hundreds of people stop at the Phillips' place and watch Big Boy climb the ladder and then the ramp to his penthouse apartment. He will lie in the sun for hours and come down for food only when he has to.

Each year the house needs painting, so Jim and his boys haul out the brushes and paint cans and prop a ladder against the pole. Then they climb up to take care of Big Boy's home. They are never alone in their work, for the dog ambles right up the ladder, too, and sits on a rung watching his new-found friends prepare his home for another season of high living.



With firm sure steps, Big Boy climbs the ladder to the garage roof, from there up the ramp and into his penthouse apartment.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Bell Ringer

THIS is the story of a bell-ringing dog. That dog's name is "Minkie," a brown and white terrier from San Francisco, and he has one bad habit and one good habit. The bad habit is begging food from everybody he meets; the good one, ringing the fire bell all the way to the fire, on the truck from Engine House No. 40.

It was about a year ago that Minkie first sauntered up the hill from a perfectly good home, made friends with the firemen and proceeded to adopt them. No one has been able to take him from the fire house since that time.

It took him a little while to learn the routine, of course, but now, when the alarm box sounds, Minkie perks up his ears and when the men make for the truck, he jumps aboard, too. Then, he grabs the bell rope with his teeth and keeps clanging away until the engine reaches the fire.

Hoseman Ashley Hobson, the man responsible for ringing the bell, doesn't mind at all, but it is a little embarrassing when the Chief stops to talk to the men and Minkie just keeps on ringing.

Naturally, all the firemen share their food with Minkie, but just as often as not he will refuse their offerings, preferring to stand outside the grocery store across the street and beg dog food from the neighborhood women as they go shopping.

He came in off the truck with the men one time at three o'clock in the morning, after everyone had been fighting a forest fire for fourteen hours. The firemen began preparing a meal before turning in for a well-earned rest. As for Minkie, he went out and dug up a can of dog food he had hidden and brought it in to be opened.

His pals all boast of their valuable mascot who works for his board and room and then get his own food, besides.

Life Saving Team

A SMALL dog, named "Blackie," ventured too far out on the thin ice of Pontoosuc Lake, near Lanesboro, Mass., recently, and fell in. He struggled and struggled and barked for help. But no one saw him except two large collies, "Pal" and "Lady" who had come down to the shore to play.

Yes, they saw Blackie and realized his danger. They made desperate efforts to get the attention of someone in the neighborhood, but with no success. In the meantime, poor Blackie was being slowly paralyzed by the cold water. Then, the collies took matters into their own front paws. They proceeded to break the ice from the shore out to where the little dog was still struggling weakly. They made a path of open water and Blackie, swimming bravely, just made it to the shore.

April 1949



(Left) "Prince," with Marilyn in the background, starts off on a delivery to Mrs. Harold D. Stickney, and (right) Prince is seeking the usual biscuit while Mrs. Stickney looks on with amusement.



Daily News Photo

Canine Express

THE convenience of having a copy of the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Daily News* carefully deposited on the doorstep in a convenient place each afternoon is worth the price that chosen residents of Belvidere St. have to pay the deliverer—a biscuit or cracker a day.

And the carrier is also satisfied with the reward because he is a handsome collie, named "Prince," and a prized member of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fatzinger.

Prince was taught the task of carrying a copy of the paper to the doorsteps of a half dozen homes by his mistress, Marilyn Fatzinger, 12, last summer when she had plenty of time. Now he saves her time and steps in completing her route at dusk.

Prince appears to be proud of his accomplishments, but makes certain that his favored customers respect his careful treatment. Each customer has a special place to put the dog biscuit and Prince searches that spot after he leaves the paper where it belongs.

So far, he hasn't been disappointed. An example is provided at the home of Mrs. Harold D. Stickney, where the cookie is left on a porch railing. Prince is tall enough to reach the place and so far he has not been bothered by the pilfering of other dogs.

On one of his stops he found the biscuit missing for several days and it was later determined that another dog had learned the hiding place and was collecting the pay without doing the work. That has ended with the selection of a new place.

Marilyn finds Prince a willing companion most of the time and got the idea of having him deliver papers because he insisted on going on the route with her. Fortunate customers on Prince's list are quite proud of being served by a dog. His praises are sung by all and the main point seems to be that Prince would never think of leaving a paper in the hedge or on the sidewalk. His deliveries are right at the door and he never looks for his reward until the paper is deposited.

Tiny Kittens in the Dog House

FOUR tiny kittens are in the dog house in Newburgh, N. Y., and, believe it or not, they love it. As a matter of fact, they are, all four of them, nudged into the house every night by a mongrel dog, named "Tina." This dog became foster-mother and protector of the little un-

fortunate waifs when their own mother deserted them.

Tina's owners, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Klein, say that, when the dog can't get the kittens to go inside the dog house, she sleeps outdoors with them.



Two young Animal Defenders and their attractive pets.

Miss Olive Smith, consultant to the staff of the American Humane Education Society, is this year an exchange teacher from the Springfield, Massachusetts, schools to the schools in Derby, England. This exchange is sponsored by the U. S. Office of Education and the Ministry of Education in Great Britain. The following article, written by Miss Smith, is a result of personal visits and interviews with officials and members of the staffs of the Royal S. P. C. A., in London, and the Scottish S. P. C. A. It is well to remind ourselves of the splendid coverage and protection given animals throughout the British Isles and of the inspirational leadership they offer similar groups in this country. Their Humane Education program, so effective in giving children a better understanding and sympathy, is a challenge to us all to overcome cruelty, to advance an understanding toward all forms of created life, in the minds and hearts of our children. Such attitudes bear directly upon the present and future state of humanity.

THOSE of us who are vitally interested in Humane Education are well aware that it had its beginning in England, as long ago as 1822, when the first act to protect animals was enacted by the House of Commons, through the efforts of Richard Martin. Two years later, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—the oldest and largest animal protection society—was founded by the Reverend Arthur Broome. Today, in its badly war-damaged buildings in London, its workers, many of whom are in temporary emergency offices, carry on, supervising the 2,000 branches throughout England and Wales, the corps of some 300 uniformed inspectors, the 80 animal clinics and the many hundreds of lethalising centers.

To the Royal S. P. C. A. are affiliated similar societies throughout the world. Since 1935, through its Empire and Foreign Fund, many societies abroad have been given assistance. During World War II, over \$200,000 worth of veterinary supplies were sent to the Soviet

Army Veterinary Corps. During the same period, at home in England, the Society rescued more than 240,000 animal victims of enemy bombing, shelling, machine gunning and pilotless plane attacks.

The English, in turn, are extremely grateful for the dog food being sent to them by animal lovers in the United States and Canada. This is allocated by the Royal S. P. C. A., first to working sheep dogs and seeing-eye dogs, then to Branch Clinics for distribution to owners of deserving dogs. Among the donors is the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

The Humane Education program is varied. Children between the ages of eight and sixteen, who are willing to do one good turn to an animal each day, are eligible for membership in ANIMAL DE-

FENDERS. The boys and girls in groups under adult leadership are usually organized in connection with schools, churches or Guides. There is, however, a Headquarter's group for children unable to join in any other way. Members can buy a badge and subscribe to the magazine. When they become sixteen, they may join the nearest local branch of the R. S. P. C. A. At present, there are 2,441 Animal Defender groups and 29,297 children are enrolled in the Headquarter's group.

Animal Ways is the name of the splendid monthly magazine published for the junior members of the R. S. P. C. A. The subscription is the equivalent of thirty cents a year, or single copies may be purchased for one cent plus postage of two cents. The vocabulary in the ap-



When the Feast of St. Francis of Assisi was celebrated at the Holy Trinity Church in Hereford, animals and Young Defenders went to church together. This special pets' service was organized by the Royal S. P. C. A.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Education Program in Britain

H, Consultant

pealingly illustrated stories is suitable for children. Children's questions are answered and there are frequent competitions. The publication is quite similar in appearance to the *Animal World*, the official organ of the Society.

Films are loaned free of charge for use by Animal Defender groups. This library is operated from headquarters. A few short films have been made especially for distribution to the cinemas, for insertion in the bill of the week. One is about the proper care of dogs; another depicts a visit to the Royal S. P. C. A. free animal clinic; and a third, shows the work of Society inspectors in protecting all animals.

Four qualified lecturers visit schools, by permission of the Education Authorities. One of these is a Welshman, who

very often speaks in his native tongue in schools situated in remote sections of Wales. The lecturers are often sent to sections where there has been cruelty.

The Humane Education department answers all the thousands of letters sent to the Society by children. The requested information is given and appropriate leaflets are enclosed. Many pamphlets concerning the proper treatment of animals are distributed in this way. These include the care of donkeys, goats, sheep, guinea pigs, pet mice, tortoises, goldfish, the keeping of aquaria in schools, humane horse riding and organizing and judging pet shows.

In Scotland, there are four separate societies, which are located in Dundee, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh. The largest is the Scottish S. P. C. A.,



Animal Defenders study nest and eggs of a Common Tern.

founded in 1839. Its headquarters are in Edinburgh; and there are branches in twenty-five countries. Archibald Langwill was the Secretary-Treasurer of this Society for forty-five years, and now his son, Lyndesay G. Langwill, the present Secretary-Treasurer, has held his office since 1924. Mr. Langwill informed me that our Dr. Francis H. Rowley has been a Patron of that Society since 1934.

The Humane Education program is much the same as that of the R. S. P. C. A. As early as 1869, thousands of leaflets were distributed urging the importance of Humane Education; and, in 1888, Bands of Mercy were first formed, though in 1935, the name was changed to the S. S. P. C. A. Junior Division. A retired schoolmaster lectures in the schools. There are poster and essay contests. This year, 2,303 schools were informed of the essay contest. The subject was: "If you were a Scottish S. P. C. A. Inspector, how would you carry out your duties of preventing cruelty to animals and birds?" Several hundred books were awarded as prizes. The S. S. P. C. A. has a library of twenty films, and a projector and screen.

In Great Britain, October 4, St. Francis Day, is celebrated as World Day for Animals. Each year, the animal protection societies send a circular letter to the ministers of the churches, requesting them to devote one Sunday, preferably the one nearest October 4, on the subject, Kindness to Animals. In 1946, the first Animal Sunday Service was held in Westminster Abbey; and this year, the service was held in Yorkminster.

There are many evidences of unselfish work being accomplished by the people of Great Britain. Thus it seems quite certain that they will continue to offer inspirational leadership in animal protection. Most significant, however, is their attitude toward their young people. They are first in their consideration. To them, they are endeavoring to give human understanding and sympathy, and a concept of the one-ness of humanity, essential for the betterment of mankind.



Believing that training in kindness to animals has a refining influence on children, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals encourages its young Animal Defenders to enter their animals in pet shows.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



Photo by Milton E. H. Lava
Happy Easter Bunny receives a kiss from "Velvet Ears."

My Guilty Cat

By JOYCE MARY HAINES (Age 11)

*The cellar door opened,
And guess what walked in;
My little cat
From the old coal bin:
Fur of gold, eyes of green
There she sat
Like a majestic queen:
Although she was dirty
She didn't look bad,
But when I stared at her
She looked very sad.
I scolded her,
And sent her to bed,
But the punishment ended,
With a kiss on her head.*

A Pup's Mistake

By Ruth Viklomerson (6th Grade)

IT was a hot summer day. "Queenie," a pup, was having a wonderful time playing with her new rubber bone. Soon a truck came along. Now, Queenie had a bad habit of chasing cars and trucks. She got this habit when she was "chained up." So it was quite natural Queenie should chase it. She ran swiftly and soon caught up with it. Suddenly she slipped and was thrown in front of the back wheel! The truck kept going and was soon out of sight.

A girl (me) happened to see the accident. She immediately reported the accident to the dog's mistress. She was quite angry, but soon used some common sense and took the dog to the veterinarian. Luckily for Queenie her wounds healed quickly and in a month or so she was as strong as ever and only had some purple medicine on her hind leg to mark the accident.

Yet many people and animals are run over and crippled for life or killed. Many chums, pets and friends are killed. According to the newspapers the numbers of accidents are astonishing.

Fun with a Pony

By George Kolikas (Age 9)

ONE night my father came home and said he had a surprise for me." We went out-of-doors and saw a black pony with a white spot on top of his head and another at the tip of his tail. I said, "Oh, I wish I could have him."

My father said, "He is yours."

My pony came from the Shetland Islands. He had a brown saddle and a red blanket on his back.

A few months later I was feeding him one day. I turned to get some oats. Suddenly I was up in the air! My pony had bucked me into the air.

"Polly" and the Sandwiches

By William Canton (Age 11)

ONE afternoon, when my mother had a party, my parrot was naughty. When my mother left the kitchen, the parrot flew in like a flash. She saw the plate of sandwiches and started to eat them. When my mother went back into the kitchen the sandwiches were all gone.

My mother crossly called, "Polly!"

From the front of the house Polly answered, "Coming, Mother!"

Then in she came very slowly, with her head down. My mother taught her a lesson by putting her in her cage. Later I took her out. You should have heard the noise she made! She was so angry!

CHILDREN'S PAGE

"Pen Friends" Wanted

THE Junior Branch of the National Council for Animals' Welfare, 32 Queen's Avenue, London N. 10, England, would like to correspond with members of the Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League in America. If you are interested, please write to Miss Madeline Bissicks, Secretary, at the above address. Here is a chance to make some new "Pen-Friends."

The Rescue

By William S. Kemp, 3rd (Age 7)
(As told to his mother)

ONE Sunday my Grandfather and I went horseback riding. My Grandfather had lost one of his foxhounds two days before and we hoped we might find him. After we had gone about two miles we stopped to listen and heard dogs howling. My Grandfather got off his horse, "Smokey," and led him up into the woods off the road. He disappeared but finally called to me to come and help him. I got off my horse "Kosteppa," and led her through the woods to where Grandfather was. There I saw an old abandoned well, six feet deep, which was dry, and in the well were two dogs. I held the horses while Grandfather pulled his own dog out by its collar.

He couldn't reach the other dog, so we tied the horses to a tree and then I had to get down into the well and pick up the other dog so Grandfather could reach him. This dog was very weak and I guess was in the well a long time, but he went off right away to his home.

We were very glad to get the dogs out and they were glad too.



William and "Kosteppa"



Fox Photos

The Spotted Giraffe

*The neck of the spotted giraffe
Must measure twelve feet and a half!*

The tops of tall trees

He reaches with ease—

The way that he eats makes me laugh!

*He munches his lunches from trees
(He reaches the tall ones with ease).*

When food's to be found

On bush or the ground

He stoops down and eats through his knees!

*He makes a most comical sight:
He strips off the bark to the white,
And each tiny speck
Goes down his long neck—
It's quite a remarkable sight!*

—Nona Keen Duffy

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Jr. Catholic Messenger

Goats Ride Passenger Trains

By FREEMAN H. HUBBARD

THE Navy's mascot is a big-horned, long-whiskered goat that lives on the United States Naval Academy grounds and travels with the middies whenever their ball teams play a game away from Annapolis. He rides in a baggage car. Other goats have been known to prefer passenger coaches. For instance, "Bill."

Bill was owned by the Rev. Allen Barnes, a genial, old, colored preacher residing at McIntosh, Alabama, a Southern Railway flag stop. For years this animal met all the passenger trains that stopped there and was such a favorite with their crews that they termed him "the McIntosh agent." One engineer even had himself photographed with Bill in his cab window.

Bill's common practice was to board a train, proceed at once to the train peddler's stock, and help himself to bananas, apples and candy. Often the train pulled out with the goat aboard. That did not perturb Bill in the least. The conductor would put him off at the next stop, and there he waited patiently for a train to take him home again.

After what is described as "long and meritorious service," Bill went to the place where all good billygoats go. He was buried under an oak tree near the depot, and to this day is kindly remembered by old-time train crews.

Another member of the species traveled on a permit, a brass check inscribed as follows: "Pass William Goat over the lines of the Colorado Midland Railway during his lifetime.—J. C. Vining, General Superintendent." William belonged to a ranchman living near Basalt, Colorado, and had been trained to herd sheep into cars. Finding leisure time hanging heavily on his beard, William would stroll around the railroad yard and make friends with the men working there. Again and again the rancher coaxed him back home, but William wandered off so often that the owner finally gave him to the railroaders.

One day a dining car chef fed him scraps of food. William boarded the train to get nearer to his source of nourishment. Soon this became a daily habit. His travels began when he tarried so long in the diner vestibule that he was carried westward to Glenwood Springs, the next station. Like his southern relative, William stayed there till he could climb into a train going in the opposite direction.

Thus he would journey between the two towns. Mr. Vining, learning of this odd traveler, issued the pass to make his rides official. A gossip column of the Basalt weekly newspaper printed such items as, "William Goat came over from Glenwood Springs today" and "W. Goat Sundayed at Basalt and will leave for Glenwood on Number 6." History is silent on his ultimate fate.

Even more famous was the goat pictured on the trademark of the Great Northern Railway. The story behind this emblem is worth repeating.



"William Goat" was a good sheep herder, and led sheep into cars. He was so fond of riding the trains that he was issued a pass over the lines of the Colorado Midland Railway by the General Superintendent of the Road.

During the 1880's a lad named William Kenney lived in the Irish section of Minneapolis with a pet goat of which he was very fond. He peddled newspapers with the aid of this creature hitched to a cart. The little wagon and its cheerful driver were familiar figures on the city streets. People came to look for them, and the paper route flourished. William Kenney was shrewd enough to recognize the publicity value of his co-worker.

Later, when he decided to go railroading, he sold the faithful beast to a Montana rancher, who gave it a good home. In 1912 the former paper boy became vice president and traffic director of the Great Northern Railway. About a year afterward, when the company began to advertise tours to Glacier National Park in Montana, home of the Rocky Mountain goat, the matter of a trademark came up; and Mr. Kenney, recalling the mascot of his ambitious boyhood, suggested a wild version of his memory goat.

The emblem was stenciled on freight cars and locomotives, posted on billboards, printed on stationery, timetables and travel literature, and used in newspaper and magazine advertising. Few industrial symbols are better known than the Great Northern goat, which is referred to as "a million dollar idea." No other animal picture in the world has traveled so many millions of miles by rail. In 1936 it was changed slightly to make it more authentic, in answer to criticisms that it looked too much like a barnyard animal; but to William Kenney, as long as he lived, that picture carried nostalgic memories of his unforgotten youth.

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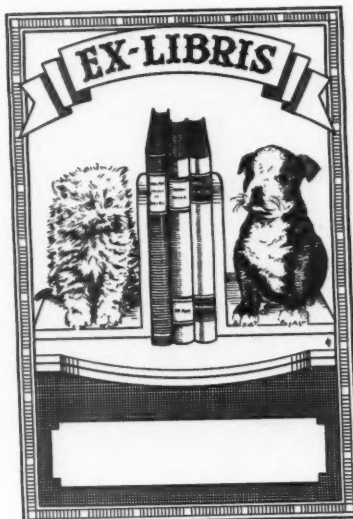
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In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1949.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

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Third Prize 5.00
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Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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